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PART TWO

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GROWERS OF FLOWERS

LOCAL ENTHUSIASTS GREET THE FIRST DAYS OF SPRING.

Soon Fine Specimens Will Be Blooming in the Spacious Yard-Gardens of the City.

GERMANS USUALLY IN LEAD

BOOKS THAT TREAT OF THE SUBJECT OF GARDENING.

A List Has Been Prepared at the City Library by Miss Jessie Allen—Beautiful Yards.

The warm days and light rains of last week had so much of the spring in them that they gave all flower lovers a longing to be "out and doing," but past experience has taught them that the first part of March is a little too early for out-of-door work in the garden, though now is the proper time to start the seedlings within doors. There are many lovers of gardens and garden work in Indianapolis on account of the prevalence of spacious yards in the residence portion of this city which encourage people in the cultivation of flowers.

The Germans of Indianapolis are always in the lead with yard gardens and long porch boxes overflowing with thriving plants. One of the most beautiful yards in the city is the one that surrounds the elegant mansion of J. W. Schmitt, on North Delaware street. This place in summer is a perfect bower of geraniums and lilies, and attracts much attention. Another German business man of Indianapolis, who owns a large country place just north of the city, has such a passion for flowers that all summer long he is more taken up with the care of his beloved plants at his country home than he is with his business in the town, and never were there more charming beds and borders than those that are cultivated under his watchful eye.

D. M. Parry, whose handsome residence is on North Delaware street, has laid out his grounds with great artistic effect. A long border, which extends the length of the side of his yard facing Thirteenth street, is filled with flowering shrubs, lilacs and snowballs, and throughout the summer there are many sweet blossoms to be seen there. Some amateur gardeners have little success with the long porch boxes, but Mrs. Fernandina Reese, of North Pennsylvania street, has long been noted among flower lovers for the brilliant geraniums that thrive gorgeously all summer long on the porch railing of her home. Dr. W. B. Fletcher always has his yard filled with flowers from the beginning of spring, when comes the first snowdrop, followed by the daffodils and tulips, through the summer with its roses, honeysuckles and geraniums, until the last of autumn with its asters, chrysanthemums and salvias.

LOCAL GARDEN LOVERS.

Now that the winter months are gone, the cool spring days cannot pass quickly enough to suit the many local garden lovers, who are anxious to set out their plants and dig and hoe, and enjoy every moment out of doors. Elizabeth, of German Garden fame, says that the next best thing to planting seed is reading seed catalogues, which is probably the only mistake that the charming writer made in her entire book. She surely would not have wasted so much of her time over seed catalogues, important as they are, could she have had access to the store of interesting, well-written books such as are to be found in the Public Library of this city—books that have been written by women and men, but particularly by the former, who had gardens of their own, and, realizing the charm and fascination that a garden exercises over all flower-lovers, took the trouble, or more likely the delight, of recording on paper the joys to be found in the cultivation of their plants.

Miss Jessie Allen, at the head of the reference department of the library, has just made out a list of those books that treat the subject of gardening in other than a cut-and-dried manner, this being the time of the year when the library is besieged by people interested in flowers, and who are desirous of reading about the experience of other amateur gardeners rather than the scientific works on the subjects. So few seem to know that "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" is not the only book that treats of flowers in the same graceful and absorbing manner. Many other women have written as entertainingly on the same subject, though their works are not so well known.

Ruskin says, "Flowers only flourish rightly in the gardens of those who love them." So many beautiful things have been written about flowers in both prose and verse it is not surprising that some one should have collected the more famous of these quotations into one volume and published them under the title, "The Praise of Gardens," with an historical epilogue by Albert Forbes Sieviking, F. S. A. The collector begins at the earliest recorded mention of the praise of gardens, and come up to the twentieth century with quotations from authors of almost every generation. The first quotation is one from an Egyptian manuscript, written thirteen hundred years before the time of Christ. The garden lover will be delighted with this large volume, filled with the most exquisite things that have been said of flowers and plants by great writers.

AN INTERESTING BOOK.

Another book, which tells of the gardens of America from the early colonial days and written by a woman who adored her own garden as well as all others she had ever seen or heard of, is "Old-Time Gardens," by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle. The very cover of this volume suggests the lover of flowers, and the book is most beautifully illustrated with pictures of many quaint New England gardens, while the text is written as only a true flower-lover could have written it. Mrs. Earle tells of how the first colonist brought over his garden seeds, and goes on to say: "By every humble dwelling the homesick good wife or dame, trying to create a semblance of her fair English home so far away, planted in her garden plot seeds and roots of homely English flowers and herbs that quickly grew and blossomed and smiled on the bleak New England's rocky shores as sturdily and as happily as they had bloomed in the old gardens and by the ancient doorsides of England. So when I see one of the old English flowers grown of those days blooming now in my garden from the unbroken chain of blossoms to seed of nearly three centuries I thank the flower for all that its forebears did to comfort my forebears, and I cherish it with added tenderness." In another part the writer quotes this pretty verse:

"God does not send us strange flowers ev'ry year.
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces—
The violet is here."

And then she continues: "Not only do I love to see the same dear things year after year and to welcome the same odor, grace and hue, but I love to find them in the same places. I like a garden in which plants have been grown for a long time, and where they have had a fixed home and surroundings. In our garden the same flowers shoulder each other comfortably and crowd each other a little year after year. They look, my sister says, like long-established neighbors, like old family friends—not as if they had just moved in and didn't know each other's names and faces."

STILL ANOTHER BOOK.

A book which smacks of the delightful style of Elizabeth, and yet was written before that popular volume made it appearance, is by A. M. Dew-Smith, entitled "Confidence of an Amateur Gardener." This interesting author tells of the making of a garden out of a place of four acres which had been untenanted for two years, and was little less than a wilderness. "The kitchen garden," she says, "had broken loose and had spread everywhere, dragging in its trail a troupe of inquisitive weeds who struggled to get in front whenever they had an opportunity. They jumped over the low box borders and entirely obliterated the paths, and, making their way to the hedge that separated the garden from the field, seemed bent on climbing over it and seeing something of the world. Gooseberries and currants that were wont to stand upright in comely bushes were sprawling all over the ground, inextricably entangled with weeds of the lowest description. Even the strawberry plants—models of propriety as a rule—instead of keeping to neat tufts were trying to climb trees. As for the weeds, they were having it all their own way for once, and were rioting as if in a state of rampant intoxication. Nettles had thronged together and shot up into high hedges that stung one mockingly in the face as one walked along, and creeping weeds had made a network of strings over the ground, only to laugh when they tripped one up and landed one on one's nose."

Then follows a vivid description, in the same breezy style, of how the four acres were cleared of the mass of weeds and tangled vines, and all of the ground made into flower beds, except a half acre, which was given up to William, the gardener, "to grow peas, beans, cabbages and anything else he liked in the way of vegetables." In speaking of hollyhocks, which every garden lover adores, this enterprising writer says: "There is nothing so pink as the pink of a hollyhock. It is as complete and satisfactory as a color can be, and reminds one in its effect of one of those old Italian tunes whose chords and harmonies have a perfection and finish that completely satisfies."

WELL WORTH ATTENTION.

Although "Gardening for Beginners," by E. T. Cook, a large new book on garden flowers, is written in a very scientific manner as to planting and caring for flowers, yet it is well worth the attention of those who do not wish to enter into their garden work upon too scientific a basis, on account of the hundreds of fine photographs of beautiful English gardens, flower beds, borders and lily ponds, which will give the reader a splendid idea of the correct way to lay out a garden and to plant clumps of flowers together. "An Island Garden," by Celia Thaxter, with beautifully illuminated pictures by Childe Hassan, is a delightful little volume, describing the author's summer home on the isles of Shoales among the ledges of the largest island, Appledore. Her garden is a very tiny one, but every inch of ground inside its surrounding fence is utilized, while outside each slope leading down to the sea is a tangle of flowers. Her love of all the birds that stop for a day or more on her island is woven gracefully into her writings, and she also tells of her loathing for the dreadful slugs that eat up all the young peas, of her joy upon discovering that toads eat slugs and of her securing seventy toads, upon making the discovery and turning them loose among the flowers and vines.

In Gertrude Jekyll's book, "Wall and Water Gardens," are endless numbers of fine photographs of English wall gardens and gardens with pond and water plants. Though written in a rather serious vein, it cannot help but interest all lovers of flowers. The same author's book, "Wood and Garden," with the subtitle "Notes and Thoughts Practical and Critical of a Working Amateur," is another exquisitely illustrated work containing much information regarding the plants of English fields and forests. Another book by this writer, "Lilies for English Gardens," is wholly devoted to the culture of every variety of lily and is splendidly illustrated.

This is the season of the year for garden lovers to feast their minds upon these delightful books so as to bridge over the period when spring seems to be calling upon them to begin to plant, although it is really too early for actual work in the gardens. It will be but a week or two until the first crocuses will pop up their bright little faces in the down town parks of the city and these will quickly be followed by the hyacinths, daffodils and tulips. And then one knows beyond all doubt that spring is here.

TURKEY'S FINANCES.

Salaries Unpaid, Treasury Empty, Yet Fresh Loans Always Succeed.

New York Mail and Express.

We understand that the question of the unification of the Turkish debt is again likely to shortly come to the front, and in view of this fact it is desirable to clearly outline the present position of the finances of the Ottoman empire.

The following general statement is derived from expert sources:

1. The consolidated debt of Turkey, supposing the project Rouvier carried out, and leaving out of account the loans provided for out of the tribute of Egypt, amounts to £T.73,529,000, equals £66,176,000 sterling, and represents £4 2s 5d sterling per head of population.

2. The annual burden for that debt amounts to, for interest and sinking funds, £T.3,427,055, equals £3,084,000 sterling, and represents 3s 9d per head of population.

No budget is published, but it is assumed by competent authorities that there is an annual deficit of at least £T.1,500,000 per annum, say £1,350,000 sterling. But this supposes that all salaries are fully paid. In reality, however, only about eight months' salaries in the year are paid. The four months' salaries not paid may represent £T.750,000, equals £675,000 sterling. Further, included in the budgetary expenditure is an amount of £T.800,000, equals £720,000 sterling, annually supplied to reduction of debt by purchases of the public debt commissioners and the sinking funds of various loans.

It may appear very hard that the functionaries should only receive eight months of salary instead of twelve in a year, but it is to be remembered that the salaries of all important functionaries are fixed at a very high rate. Thus, the salaries of the members of the legislative council, who are numerous and do very little work, are about £2,000 sterling a year. Receiving two-thirds of that annually they are still very largely paid for the work they do. That part, then, of the budgetary deficit represented by salaries in arrears does not press much upon the treasury.

The part of the deficit represented by extinction of debt is creating a void which the public are willing to fill up.

This explains the remarkable success of the recent Ottoman customs loan of £T.8,600,000. Five millions one hundred thousand of that loan was destined to pay off a previous loan, that of 1886, whose holders all applied for the new loan, as they did not wish to be paid off. The balance of £T.2,500,000 was subscribed for thirty times over. This is quite comprehensible. The last loan placed on the market by Turkey was in 1896 for £T.4,300,000. Since then about £T.5,000,000 has been applied to reduction of debt, and consequently the public was more than disposed to take the £T.2,500,000 offered it on Nov. 20 last.

The "lack of foresight" of the Turkish treasury brings upon it in Europe a discredit greater than is justified. During the last five years the treasury was always in straits whenever a month's salary had to be paid, but at the last moment it always succeeded in getting through its difficulties. The reason is a simple one. The Sultan, who is as much his own finance minister as he is his foreign minister, purposely kept his treasury in straits in order that it should be forced to live upon its own resources without a loan, and his Majesty only agreed to the recent conversion of the customs loan when he was convinced that extraneous resources were absolutely necessary. To some extent there is wisdom in his Majesty's policy, but it gives occasion to newspaper correspondents to cry wolf very often when the wolf is really far from the door.

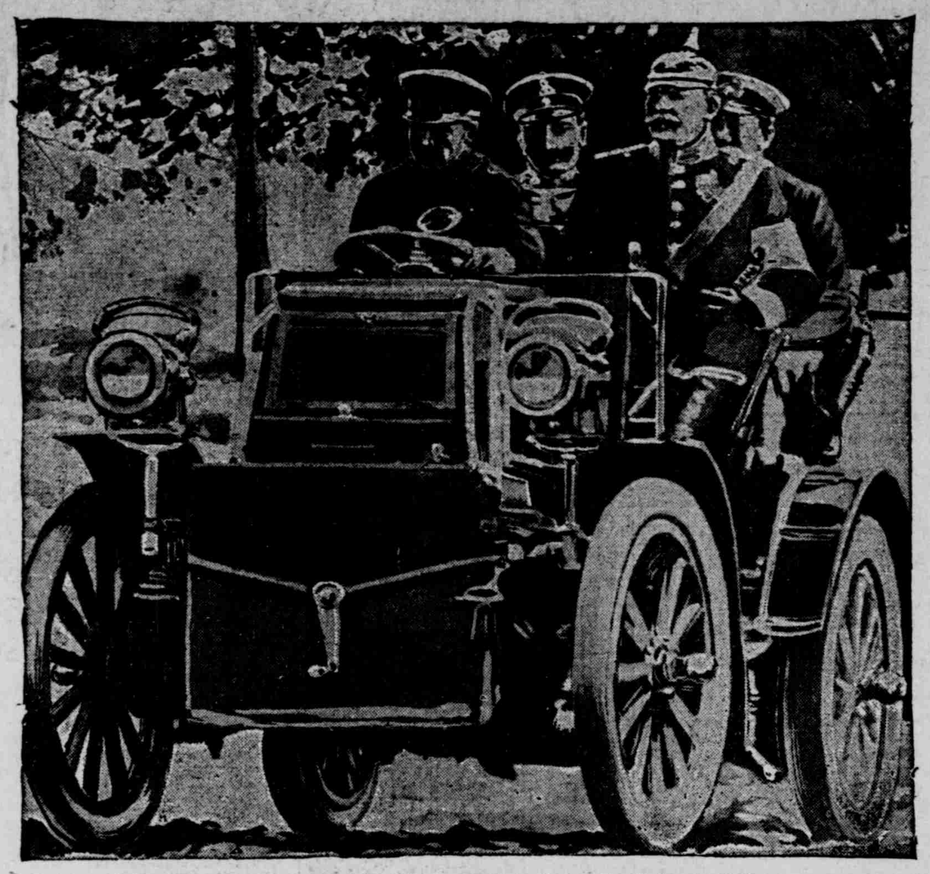
With a disorderly financial situation such as exists in Turkey the only safety is in a restriction of credit, and it is to be hoped that this restriction of credit will continue in the interest of Turkish bondholders, as well as Turkish finance.

Belongs to Cuba.

Philadelphia Record.

By the decision of the administration the Isle of Pines remains a territorial possession of the Republic of Cuba. This is a righteous decision of a question that never should have been raised.

EMPEROR WILLIAM IN HIS RED WAR MOTOR CAR



The Kaiser's soldiers have learned to fear the sight of the famous red war chariot which the imperial William now uses in making his tours of inspection of his troops. The warlike Kaiser sweeps down upon the various sections of his troops when they least expect him. He has great faith in the automobile for war uses. He intends to inspect the next grand army maneuvers in his famous war chariot here shown.

THE TESTING OF SUGAR

LITTLE VIAL OF DISSOLVED SUGAR SAMPLES ENTIRE CARGO.

How Thousands of Bags of Raw Sugar Consigned to American Refineries Are Examined One by One.

BOSTON, March 7.—The annual product of raw sugar is reckoned at approximately 8,000,000 tons, more than half of which is used in the United States. Of this vast amount, practically every pound has to be tested before it goes to the sugar refiners who eventually prepare it for domestic consumption. This test determines the grade of the sugar, and therefore the price which will be paid for it, and is conducted in a chemical laboratory. But the curious thing is that the sugar is not tested by subjecting it to chemical agents, but merely by looking at solutions of it through what at first sight appears very like a small telescope with an incandescent light at one end.

It is only of late years that the importance of these tests has been fully realized. And of the technical schools in this country, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology here in Boston is perhaps the only school laboratory especially devoted to sugar analysis. Indeed, the question—which was discussed at the last international meeting of sugar experts, in Paris—of bringing all such tests, the world over, to a uniform standard has not yet been worked out to a satisfactory conclusion.

Grading sugar as it comes from the sugar plantation to any one of the four Atlantic ports of entry—Boston, New York, Philadelphia or New Orleans—is a rapid and interesting process. When the sugar is subject to duty the government itself grades it, and both consignor and consignee are usually content to accept the verdict of the government's experts. But since a considerable amount of sugar now comes in without any duty at all the parties interested appoint their own experts, who work independently on either side, but whose tests must agree within three-tenths of 1 per cent. before they are accepted as final. Except for a certain amount of "open kettle" sugar, so-called—the "brown" sugar of our grandmothers—from Porto Rico and Cuba and another variety that comes from Java our sugar now arrives in 100 or 300-pound bags. Into each bag or hogshead from Porto Rico or each wicker crate from Java a long tin tube is pushed diagonally from corner to corner. When this "trier," as it is called, is withdrawn its contents thus represent every part of the bag or crate. The next bag is sampled in the same way, and the next, and so on until every bag in the cargo has contributed and a big composite sample of the whole consignment has been got together for the test. This is boxed and the box closed, sealed and labeled for the chemist.

A SMALL SAMPLE USED.

Only a small part of the contents of the box—thoroughly mixed, of course, so as to be representative of the whole cargo—is, however, used for the test, the remainder being sent to the refinery. This small sample is very carefully transformed into a solution which is examined with the polariscope—a piece of laboratory apparatus extremely easy to operate and extremely difficult to explain. Comparatively few men who use the polariscope know the principles upon which it is constructed, the main and important fact being the action of a solution of sugar on a polarized ray of light—a beam of light, that is, that has been already passed through a peculiarly constructed prism of Iceland spar, and has, to quote the theoretical explanation, "been reduced to the condition of light vibrating in a single plane of direction." In the polariscope, before the sugar solution enters into the problem, a single ray or pencil of light passes through several prisms of different shapes and thicknesses. And by the mechanical manipulation of the prisms nearest the eyepiece, the ray of light definitely records the changes which it undergoes in transmission.

Now these changes are known and reduced to a scale as are the further changes produced by the passage of light through a solution of pure sugar. After the instrument has been put in working order, a tube of standard length filled with a solution of the sugar to be tested is introduced between the prisms. Here it causes certain changes in the ray of light now passing through it and the operator must immediately change the position of the optical parts of the instrument in order to restore the original conditions on the field of vison. These changes are registered on the scale of the polariscope. If the sugar, for example, is only 90 per cent. pure, that fact will be read on the dial the moment that the original appearance of the field of vision is perfectly restored. If the sugar is of standard purity, the reading will be 100.

TESTS MADE BY STUDENTS.

Grading brown sugar, practically all of which, nowadays, goes directly to the refineries, is of course only a small fraction of the work of sugar analysis—a department of applied science that plays so large a part in modern commerce that hundreds of thousands of dollars may sometimes depend upon the exact knowledge of the sugar expert. Many of the students in the sugar laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are sent to Cuba, Louisiana, Michigan, and other centers of raw sugar production, both beet and cane, to supply their growth and learn at first hand the series of operations by which the sugar houses prepare their product for the refineries.

The samples used in the institute laboratory are taken from raw sugar that comes to Boston after a portion of the original sample has been graded in the big Boston refinery. And these tests are carried out as carefully as the actual tests upon which the refinery bases its price, and usually agree with the work of the professional chemists. Sometimes, too, the students are engaged upon work that has a direct bearing upon the legal controversies of the sugar, glucose and starch interests, starch and glucose being among the allied industries that are part of the studies of the sugar laboratory. Last year, for example, every known commercial form of starch, which is obtained from sugar, was analyzed by students working under the head of the laboratory, who had himself been retained as an expert in a trial involving the right to manufacture a certain kind of starch. The purpose of the analysis was to decide whether two kinds of starch then on the market were so similar that one of them must have been produced by the use of certain chemical "secrets" belonging to the maker of the other. Meantime another expert was making a series of investigations to prove that the chemist of the defendant company could have produced the starch in question by an analysis of other starches and that the "secret" was therefore no secret at all, since it could be found out without suborning any of the chemicals of the plaintiff company.

WASHINGTON'S ELM.

Famous, if Somewhat Apocryphal Historical Relic Is No More.

Hartford Courant.

The Washington elm went to the ground yesterday, and its destruction is now complete. It has gone and taken its trunk, and in these days that is regarded as a final departure. But its tradition will remain, perhaps even grow, and thus show again how much more abiding these ideas are than things—the immaterial than the material.

The tradition is that, during the revolutionary war, George Washington, hastening on his automobile hither from Wethersfield, made his way to Jeremiah Wadsworth's home, on Main street, hitched his automobile to a fine elm in front of the house and went within to greet Count Rochambeau, perfect plans that settled the revolution, take a drink with his distinguished friends, hear about Arnold's treachery, and otherwise make a memorable visit.

The Wadsworth house was long ago removed from the site, the faithful automobile, called in those day a horse, appears in pictures and statues all over the country, but became otherwise immaterial long ago, and the tree alone survived. Some scientific observers have given as one reason for the endurance of the tree their belief that it was not planted until about 1800. But, if that had been so, then Washington could not have tied his horse to it, the horse untied would have run away, Washington would have been unable to continue his journey, and the whole course of American history would have been upset. If this proves anything, it proves that the tree was there. Indeed, it is a tradition of early Hartford that nobody worried that day about the ship of state because Washington was at the elm. That has its historic bearing, also.

A liberal section of the Washington elm is to be stored in the repository of the Historical Society, alongside its several choice sections of the famous Charter Oak, which, by the way, was for the first hundred years of its history recorded as also an elm. As time, with its gentle processes, moves along, these two trees may come closer in touch, and it is possible that by and by the two may be considered as one, and George Washington and Joseph, as well as Jeremiah Wadsworth, may stand together as having preserved the charter. That would not be very far out of the way.

FARMS FOR ALL.

Government Land Still to Be Had in Florida.

New York Commercial.

In the popular mind there is a notion that the government lands still open to homestead entry lie largely in the far West, or else in the Southwest. And it is the fact also that whenever a settler is mentioned as having "taken up" government land we almost invariably think of him as a Western farmer. These lands to which the government holds title are widely scattered, however, and the man who yearns to "settle" on some of Uncle Sam's idle acres hasn't got to go out West, if he doesn't want to.

Take Florida, for instance. There are still 1,435,314 acres of "vacant" land in that State. It isn't all under water, either—what the land boomers used to call "high-tide farms." Much of it is in the lower peninsula, to be sure, and not a little of it in the Everglades. But in counties like Alachua, Marion, Leon, Columbia, Gadsden, Escombia, Hillsborough, Volusia and Madison—all of them long settled and abounding in fine agricultural or timber lands—the government still has thousands upon thousands of acres that can be homesteaded and become the property of actual settlers at merely nominal cost. Even in Duval county, up in the northeast corner of the peninsula, wherein lies Jacksonville, the Florida metropolis and the State's great entrepot, the government still has 3,416 acres that it would like to turn over to settlers.

New Yorkers who get tired of the strain and drag of urban life sometimes take a run down to Florida, do the hotel act for their health up and down the American Riviera from Jacksonville to Bay Biscayne—but even there they can't get from the everlasting ticker! It would be better for a good many of them if they were to "take up" a homestead down in Florida and go to raising February strawberries at $2 a basket for their less fortunate townsman here who can't quit dining out, and dining late.

GAMBLING ON TRAINS

IT TAKES PLACE DESPITE EFFORTS OF RAILROAD OFFICIALS.

Shrewd Crooks Ply Their Trade on Fast Trains as Well as on Ocean Liners.

HOW GAMES ARE STARTED

INNOCENT AMUSEMENT OFTEN TURNED TO ACCOUNT.

Sharpers Select Their Victims and Make Their Nefarious Trade Pay Well—Some Incidents.

"One reads a good deal about the large sums of money that are won and lost in the brief six days' ocean trip between New York and Liverpool," said a well-known Indianapolis business man while dining with some friends one evening last week, "but just let me tell you that a great amount of money is changing hands nowadays on the trains between Indianapolis and New York, and the money that is won is not always won in honest games, either. I've just had an experience that has opened my eyes to the fact that, despite the attempts of the various railroads to strictly prohibit all kinds of gambling in their passenger coaches, there are shrewd crooks that easily find means to overcome all difficulties and to ply their trade on railway trips just as easily as they do on ocean journeys.

"The experience to which I allude came about in this way. I was obliged recently to go to New York on business and made arrangements to hurry to the metropolis and back within four days' time. At the Union Station, just as I was boarding my sleeping car, I ran across an old friend whom I had not seen for several months. He greeted me warmly and asked me 'how everything was at the bank.' I realized in an instant that he had mistaken me for my brother, who is in one of the Indianapolis banks, and who resembles me closely. Just for the fun of the thing I didn't call attention to his mistake, wondering if he would not discover it himself before he had talked to me very long. So I answered that things at the bank were most satisfactory, and he started in to discuss banking matters with me, when suddenly a friend of his, who I learned afterward was traveling with him, called to him from the platform alongside the tracks and he hastily excused himself, cutting our conversation short. He was journeying only as far as Cincinnati and I didn't see him again save for a moment in the railway station at Cincinnati when he was leaving the train. You may wonder what bearing this incident has on my story, but you will see for yourself later on.

A GAME BROACHED.

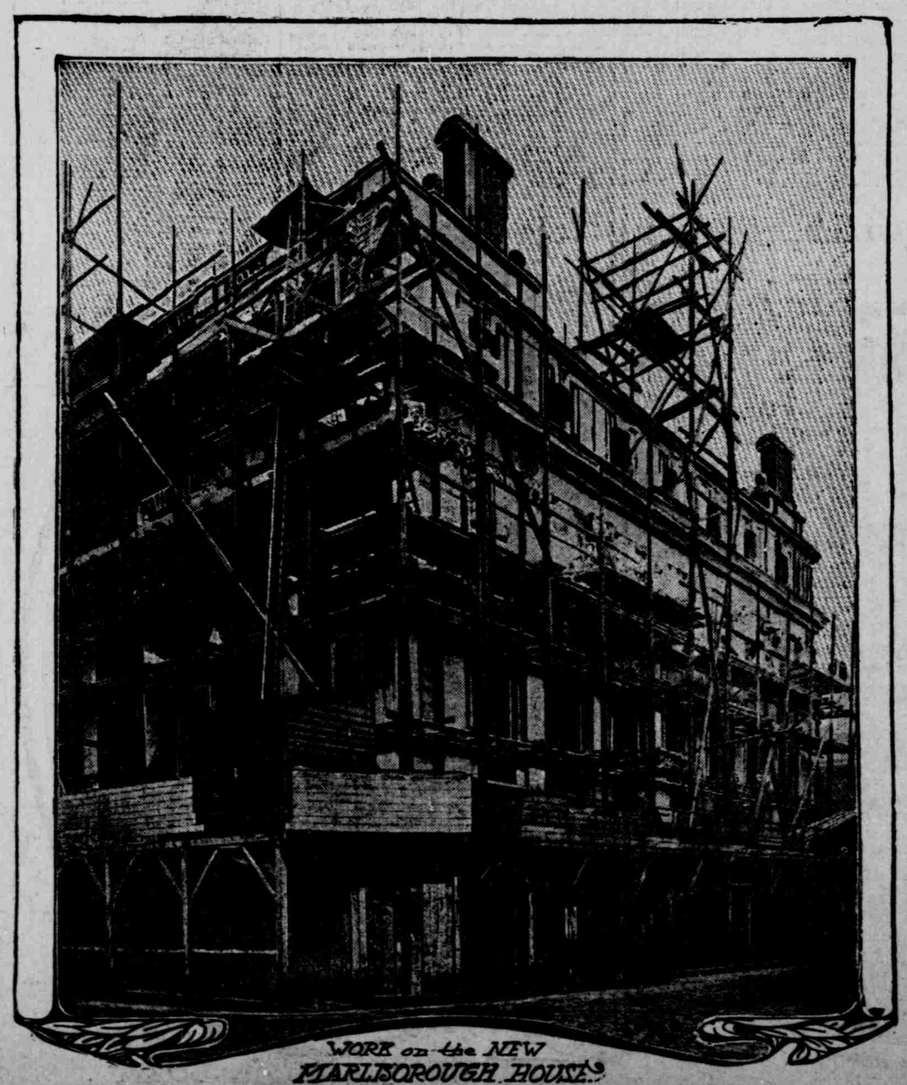
"Well, the next morning after breakfast I was sitting in my section trying to interest myself in a popular novel, when a good-looking, well-dressed young man whom I had noticed from time to time in a section at the further end of the coach came up to me and asked if I wanted to while away the time with a game of cards. He said if I was willing to play he would try and 'scare up' two more men on the train and we could enjoy a game of cinch. It happened that I was just in the right mood for a game of cards, and I told him that I would join in the pastime if two other players could be secured. So he went into the sleeper ahead of our coach in search of the desired two other persons to take hands in the game, and in about fifteen minutes returned with a couple of nice-looking fellows. We had the porter bring us one of the little tables that fit into the section and then began a friendly game of cinch. To make it interesting we decided to play for money in a very small way. Of course, we didn't display our nickels and dimes, as gambling is not allowed on the road, even in the smallest form.

"We played for an hour or so, and I was having some mild amusement, and the others seemed to be enjoying themselves, too. Nobody won or lost much of anything. After a while one of the men opposite me leaned back in his seat with a chuckle and said, 'By George! I wish we were playing poker. I have a poker hand that I would bet on.' The man next to me—the one who had accosted me in the first place—remarked that he had a little poker himself, and said that if the man across the table wanted to make a wager he would enter into the thing with him. Well, I held three tens myself, and, of course, I wasn't going to be left out. So I, too, expressed my willingness to turn the game into poker for that one round. The fourth man stayed out—hadn't anything that looked like poker, he said, and, as he didn't have a good cinch hand either, he was not anxious to continue the original game. The three of us drew cards. I failed to better my hand, but I easily won the pot, which amounted, before we got through betting, to $45. The two men whose money I had won laughed and said they guessed they had better stick to cinch. So we went back to cinch and played for another twenty or thirty minutes.

A GOOD POKER HAND.

"Then suddenly the man who had stayed out of the poker deal exclaimed, 'Look here, are you fellows wanting any more of that poker? I'm in for poker, myself, with the hand I hold just now.' I had not gathered up my own cards when he spoke and when I did glance at my hand, what I saw quite took my breath away. I held three aces. The other two men said they would risk another bit of poker for just that one round, and I told them that I would stay in, too. Now, right here was where the crooked job was attempted. I figured it all out afterward. My first acquaintance gave a hearty laugh and said, 'Here we are all becoming good friends without knowing each other. Before we go on with this hand let's become acquainted.' I had told him my name during our first conversation and he now turned to the other two men and introduced them to me, remarking that it had been due to his thoughtlessness, or absentmindedness, that he had not made the introduction before. Of course, I had to reach across the table to shake hands with the others and naturally my attention was taken away from the pack of cards for the instant. The interruption over, we returned to our little game. As I looked again at those three aces I began to feel that there was the barest possibility that all was not just exactly right. Then it flashed across my mind that there might have been some method in the young man's madness when

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S NEW PALACE



When Blandford house, now being built, is completed, her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt, will reside in the most magnificent residence in London. One million five hundred thousand dollars has already been spent on the beautiful building and much more will be expended before the work is completed.